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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1846.

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Notice.

 Our Subscribers will be presented in No. 49 with
AN ORIGINAL SONG
Written expressly for this Journal, by a popular composer.

Beethoven, the Philharmonic, &c.

The following paragraph has gone the round of the periodicals and papers:—

"Mr. Stumpff, the harp-maker, of Great Portland-street, who died on the 2nd inst., was an intimate friend of the immortal Beethoven, and used to correspond with him regularly, until his death in 1827; he was also the means, in conjunction with Moscheles, of procuring a donation from the London Philharmonic Society, of one hundred pounds, when it was understood that the great German master was in distress; who, in conveying his acknowledgments, expressed himself thus:—'I cannot find words to express my feelings. The generosity with which the Philharmonic Society has acted towards me, has moved me to the innermost of my soul!' His letter was dated March 18, 1827; in ten days afterwards, the mighty genius was no more."

Surely, there has been enough talk for the last twenty years about the wonderful generosity of the Philharmonic Society in favor of Beethoven. The matter might now be decently buried in oblivion. Enemies of the Institution, and wags in general, will be apt to suggest the query whether the Society was not eventually reimbursed for its paltry hundred pounds, about which such a splutter has been raised. Instead of one hundred, the directors might with propriety, have requested the great composer's acceptance of one thousand pounds. His symphonies, overtures, concertos, vocal compositions &c., have been the main attractions of the programmes for ten years at least, scarcely a concert having been given without one or two of them being performed. Perhaps the ninth symphony, and the grand concert overture in C major, may not be considered by the society an equivalent for a hundred pounds. We are of a different opinion. That the subscribers have heard so little of these compositions has been the fault of the directors. The ninth symphony, perhaps the finest of Beethoven's works, should have been given once every season. It was paid for by the members, not by the directors, and the subscribers, whose money is the support of the Philharmonic, should have received the benefit of it. Instead of this, the same routine of old matters has been persisted in for the last ten years. Many old works of questionable merit are repeatedly played to the exclusion of new works of decided merit. A few particular solo performers are palmed upon the subscribers annually, as though they were pensioners. The names of English composers are almost banished from the programmes. The subscribers demand, and they must have, something in the shape of novelty. They

want to hear some new pianists especially. Last year it was a matter of great difficulty to obtain a hearing even for Madame Pleyel! But not to soar so high as Madame Pleyel, there are several pianists resident in London, whose position in the profession ought to insure them one hearing at least at these classical concerts. The pianists who figure annually in the programmes are excellent pianists—no one doubts it—but their excellence is not so pre-eminent as to justify the exclusion of others of equal, if not superior, talent. We are averse to specify names in the discussion of such questions as this, but there is one English pianist, who has never been heard at the Philharmonic, who ought to have been heard there twelve years ago, and who must be heard there next season, if the directors wish to escape the severest censure for *cliquerie*. We allude to Mr. W. H. Holmes, who, in conjunction with Mr. Cipriani Potter, has tutored all the best pianists in the country. By what chicanery his name has for so long a period been kept out of the Philharmonic bills it were difficult to surmise. The miserable excuse, so often resorted to by directors, that if they admit one English pianist they must admit all, cannot be here available. Mr. Holmes is the master of English pianists. He was a first-rate pianist, before the genius of Sterndale Bennett, our great representative in foreign parts, was known out of the walls of the Academy. The neglect of such a man is a flagrant injustice—an injustice that imperatively calls for remedy. It is the more surprising, and the more disgraceful, from the fact, that several of his fellow-students, and one or two even of his pupils, have, from year to year, officiated as directors of the Philharmonic. If any one of these gentlemen had proposed Mr. Holmes to play, we should like to know who would have had the ill taste to oppose him. But, alas! that wretched spirit of egotism which is the ruin of the musical profession in London, and acts as banefully at the Philharmonic as at Drury-Lane, tied the tongues of those who should have been most eloquent in advocating the claims of a professor to whom an important branch of the musical art was so deeply indebted. We cannot too frequently or too strongly insist upon a point which illustrates so vividly the *cliquerism* that has been a stain on the reputation of the Philharmonic Society for many years. We are prepared to look into these matters fearlessly, and we politely warn the directors for the present year of our intention. The Philharmonic Society is a National Institution, and its influence, properly exerted, should stimulate the progress of art at home. Hitherto it has regarded this as a matter of no moment; but the time has come when state-secrets, hidden counsels, and back-stair influence will no longer be submitted to by the musical public without whose patronage the Philharmonic must needs give up the ghost.

The rumor of a new Philharmonic has not subsided. If the Society, as it at present stands, continues to persist in its contemptuous treatment of native artists, nothing remains but for native artists to take care of themselves. Let them but once unite against the Philharmonic, and the Philharmonic knell is tolled. Its ruin is inevitable. The directors for the present year are not the men from whom we may expect anything in the likeness of wholesome reform. Mere instruments for Signor Costa to play upon, without an opinion of their own, they will leave the affairs of the Society entirely in the new conductor's hands. He will beat time for them as well as for the orchestra. What King Hudson is to the shareholders in the Eastern Counties Railway, so is King Costa to the directors and members of the Philharmonic—not King Log, but King Stork.

Madame Bishop.

We learn from the *Sun* newspaper that Madame Bishop's performances at Drury-Lane conclude at Christmas, and that the fair *cantatrice* immediately departs on a tour to the provinces, to fulfil numerous and important engagements. We receive this intelligence with regret. Possibly Madame Bishop's provincial engagements are of that important nature that would render her stay at Drury-Lane a serious loss in a monetary point of view. However this may be, the London public must be the sufferers. But we trust her secession may be of short duration. We cannot afford to dispense with, for any length of time, the most accomplished singer that England has produced since Mrs. Billington. This is not our individual opinion. It is the echo of the sentiments of all who are connoisseurs of musical art, and of the expressed feelings on the singer of many, who having but an ear to appreciate, can only judge of vocalisation by the impression produced through qualities independent of all art, namely, voice and sensibility. Madame Bishop has equally delighted the musician and the tyro. Her artistic finish, style and method have won admiration from every master of the vocal art; while her grace, expression, feeling, and inimitable taste have seized on the ears of the groundlings, and stolen into their hearts. With all Madame Bishop's popularity, she has by no means reached the acmé of her fame in this country. She has only appeared in two operas, and both of these are unsuited to her peculiar powers, in many respects. Madame Bishop's *forte* lies in the tender, sentimental, and the comic. The grandeur of the Pasta school, or the vehement passion of the Malibran school is alike foreign to her physical means. *The Maid of Artois*, and *Loretta*, are the two operas in which she has won admiration from British audiences; but neither *The Maid of Artois*, nor *Loretta*, are befitting Madame Bishop's conformation of voice. Those who remember Sontag can hardly imagine that she would produce a great effect in either of the operas we have just mentioned. Rubini in *Masaniello*, or Persiani in *Medea*, would be considered, by all who had ever heard those artists, as preposterous and incapable; yet, *à priori*, the character of Isolide, or Loretta was as ill-conditioned to the powers of Madame Bishop. By the force of genius alone she surmounted all obstacles of music, or dramatic situation, and won a greater triumph than has been achieved by any vocalist within our memory on the English boards. The question at once arises, what would Madame Bishop effect, were she to appear in operas written for her, or such as are suited to her? What would be her triumph were she to perform in *Leonora*, (composed expressly for her by Mercadante); in Rossini's *Otello*,

in which she obtained such extraordinary success at the San Carlos, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the music of which is so admirably adapted to a high and delicate soprano; in the *Sonambula*, where real passion would not be sacrificed to rant—nor music to vociferation; or, lastly, in the *Elisir d'Amore*, in which she would have such scope for her brilliant execution, the grace and naiveté of her acting, and her artistic style and method of vocalisation. Madame Bishop has achieved a triumph, but we repeat she has not yet reached the acme of her fame. We trust before long to have an opportunity of beholding Madame Bishop in one or more of the operas we have named above, when we have no doubt that this accomplished artist will effect a greater success than she has yet obtained.

The New Italian Opera.

M. HIPPOLYTE LUCAS, in a *feuilleton* about London, which appeared in the *Siccle*, says that the whole subject of conversation, not only in aristocratic, but in medial and plebeian circles, is the approaching contest between Mr. Lumley and the new speculators at Covent-Garden. This, like many other things in his very ridiculous communication, is not quite the truth. Still the plot thickens, and as the time approaches, the proselites of either side begin to sharpen their weapons, in order to be ready for the fray. The *Post* and the *Chronicle*, the professed champions of the opposite parties, begin to skirmish with small shots, *en attendant* the heavy artillery which is to be made use of when the battle is in the hottest. As for ourselves, we feel much in the position described by Lucretius, in the opening of his poem, *De Naturæ Rerum*,—safe in our neutrality, we regard the fight with extatic pleasure, and

“— See, as from a tower, the end of all.”

As a sign of the approaching contest, we quote the following letter which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* two or three days ago.—

“ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT-GARDEN.
To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Sir,—In every statement I have yet seen in print, concocted by the opera organs of Her Majesty's Theatre, and disseminated through various channels of publicity, concerning the above grand enterprise, there has been total and wilful misrepresentation of truth; nor has there been much less falsehood in the puffing paragraphs of the transactions of the continent relative to Her Majesty's Theatre. The directors of the Royal Opera, Covent-Garden, it seems, are determined not to be provoked by personal abuse and misrepresentation to explain the particulars of their vast undertaking until completed; but I solicit the medium of your independent journal to repel the slanders which are heaped on those respected members of the musical profession, who have been stigmatized as ‘*virtuosa cannaillia*.’ This vulgar epithet, half French and bad Italian, is more applicable, I suspect, to certain champions of Her Majesty's Theatre, whose true position it is to be hoped will by some publicity soon be explained to the nobility, gentry, and public at large. The directors are quite conscious of the motives of the writers alluded to, and discreetly enough refrain from answering them, but it is quite intolerable to permit personal insults of great artists to be unnoticed. The lovely prima donna Madame Grisi, ‘so blooming, in better voice than ever,’ in the summer of 1846, is now described by the same organs as ‘an old tyrantess, with a waist like the tun of Heidelberg!’ Madame Persiani is compared to a ‘living skeleton!’ ‘The handsome, high-bred prince of tenors’—Mario, undergoes a transition equally odious, and is become one of the *cannaillia*, a mere amateur, and a bad actor! In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I beg to give you an extract from a subsequent article, derived from the same source, which sufficiently explains why the one hundred and twenty-one artists, seceders from Her Majesty's Theatre, have accepted engagements at the Royal Italian Opera. ‘The Italian Opera,’ says the writer of the epithet, *virtuosa cannaillia*, ‘which is the exemplar of all that is most exalted in the lyric drama, is an institution which it behoves all educated persons, for the sake of models in art,

as well as for amusement, to maintain in its utmost perfection.—I remain, air, ONE OF VIRTUOSA CANNAILLIA.

[We insert the above communication, as the distinguished professor who is the writer has given us his name, but we are much surprised at his susceptibility, as such attacks as those he refers to can only recoil on their author.]

This is as portentous as the comet with a long tail which foretold the downfall of some Roman Emperor. Nevertheless, we cannot believe it possible that any journal, however prejudiced, could have allowed its columns to be disgraced by such expressions as those quoted, in disrespect of the charming Grisi and the amiable and accomplished Mario. They must surely be weak inventions of the enemies of Her Majesty's Theatre. It was rather a bold step, however, to insert them in the *Chronicle*.

A Third Italian Opera.

[The following epistle, which has been transmitted to our office by an unknown hand, contains matter of sufficient interest to warrant publication.—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR.—I have been informed by respectable parties that arrangements are making to open a *third* Italian Opera. The principal singers already engaged are *old* favourites, viz.: Pasta, Ronzi de Begnis, Veluti, Curioni, Begrez, Zuchelli, and Rubi. Tacchinardi, the celebrated tenor, (father of Madame Persiani), singing as well as ever, although now seventy-three years of age, has been retained for light tenor characters, as Il Conte in Rossini's *Barbiere*, and Nemorino in *L'Elisir*. The veteran tenor will be conveyed to London by easy stages, and to insure his attendance in April next, he is to leave Florence, where he resides, early next month. A critic of a well known morning journal, having had extensive dealings with Italian artists, particularly with Lablache (who is very fond of fish), has been selected by the great capitalists engaged in the undertaking as general manager. I have been also told that the *baton* has been offered to Mr. French Flowers, who has accepted it, *avec empressement*. Nothing seems settled yet about the band, but persons who pretend to be in the secret affirm that all the orchestral performers will be made on the new automaton system introduced by M. Faber in Paris, which is so much praised by the *Gazette Musicale*. It is added that a box, as sample, containing two violins and four horn players, lies now at the custom house, directed to the general manager. On dit that the new undertaking will be on a splendid scale, the engagements are made for ten years, secured, not on "the banks of Guadalquivir," as Madame Bishop's pretty ballad has it, but on the Bank of England, and one of the best morning papers (not the *Post* nor the *Chronicle*) has been retained to praise the new *impresario* before hand. Jenny Lind has been applied to to sing Swedish tunes between the acts, and offers have been made to the celebrated dancer, Monsieur Deshayes, who was so successful at the opera in 1780, to induce him to take Perrot's characters. Now, Mr. Editor, as I have seen nothing of all this in your musical paper, I beg you will inform me, as I am well assured you mix so much with all kinds of musical people that you must know the truth; in the mean time, if I learn something more, I will keep you *au courant*. Believe me, Mr. Editor, obediently yours,—FANATICO.

Mdlle. Sophie Fuoco.

The appearance of this new luminary in the horizon has caused a great commotion in the world of Terpsichore. The

problem of whether there shall be a ballet at Covent Garden who knows, may be solved by the young Sophie, who has proved, beyond dispute, on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, her right to be associated with the greatest ornaments of the choregraphic art. Mdlle. Fuoco is a dancer of many and great excellencies. She is not Taglioni, for then she would be the incarnation of grace and majesty—she is not Fanny Ellsler, for then she would be the Aristotle of saltatory peripatetics—she is not Cerito, for then she would be the Hebe of the dance—she is not Lucile Grahn, for then she would be the poet of pedicular gymnastics—she is not Carlotta Grisi, for then she would be the perfection of all of them combined—but she is herself, Sophie Fuoco, one who has every claim to make one of the glorious company of ballerines. Mdlle. Fuoco, without being absolutely pretty, possesses features that are intelligent and expressive, and a smile that lights up her whole countenance very agreeably. Her figure is slight, but exceedingly well proportioned. Her action is graceful, and her arms are never in the way, but move as naturally with the rest of her person as though they took an equal share with her feet in the exertion of the dance. The salient points of her execution are the *pirouette* and the *pointe*, which she achieves with great facility and in greater variety of position than perhaps any dancer extant. At any rate she equals Ellsler in the *pirouette* and Carlotta in the *pointe*, and perhaps her fault is that she makes too frequent a display of her mastery of both these essentials. But though these are two famous characteristics, Mdlle. Fuoco is a perfect mistress of all the other departments of her art. She is certainly the rising star, and will cause some of the old luminaries to look to their beams, which stand in imminent danger of being eclipsed, if not of being altogether extinguished. Her reception at Drury Lane Theatre, for an account of which see our dramatic intelligence, was unanimously fervent and enthusiastic.

Mr. Macready and the New Theatre.

WE ought not to pass without notice a rumour, that was, however, more current at the beginning than at the end of the last week; it is, that a subscription has been set on foot in order to raise a sum of money to build a new theatre, to be placed at the disposal of Macready—in other words, of which he is to be the manager and principal performer. The truth is, that such a scheme has been talked of, and the name of the most distinguished modern dramatist and novelist has been associated with it. It seems that he has had for some time by him, in a complete state, several plays, which under the present circumstances of the stage, are not likely to be represented, and which he is anxious that the great tragedian of our day should produce with the advantage of his impersonation of the heroes. Hence, we believe, the real foundation of the report, and there is no doubt that many persons of wealth and influence would be ready to lend their aid in such an undertaking. That it is likely to be carried into execution we hardly venture to think, and not a few of the friends of our national drama among the public urge, that if a new theatre is to be constructed, Phelps, by his talents and successful exertions in so unpromising a place and neighbourhood as Sadler's Wells, is entitled to the first consideration. We do not wonder at the prevalence of such an opinion, nor are we at all surprised that the friends of Macready should see less merit and claims in Phelps than in the object of their peculiar admiration. We think as highly of Macready, perhaps, as they do; but we can see also that Phelps is an

excellent actor, and that our drama owes much to the manner in which he and his coadjutors have supported it under many disadvantages. Because we have eyes for Macready, however, we need not be blind to Phelps, and we know, moreover, that he has been the means of bringing into public notice almost the only tragic actress of real promise that has come forward since the days of Fanny Kemble. Miss Addison (still to call her by her stage name), it is said, would follow the fortunes of Macready, and such is very likely to be the case; but sure we are that she will not willingly desert the colours under which she has long appeared, and which, not long since, she preferred to an engagement associated with Macready. She fancied, doubtless, that there would be more room and opportunity for her at Sadler's Wells, and she was not mistaken, for excepting the heroine of the *Lady of Lyons*, if she had played with Macready at the Surrey Theatre, she would have had few or no parts calculated to display, or possibly worthy of her talents. Certainly if a new theatre be built for Macready, he ought to collect round him all the histrionic ability of the day, if he intends to carry on the speculation profitably, and in a case of that kind Phelps could not be omitted. He might, indeed, and probably would, object to act under the leadership of Macready, after having done so well in his present locality; and we know that when they were formerly associated at Drury-lane, Phelps objected to perform Hubert when Macready had the part of King John. Phelps has since appeared himself in King John, and has evinced, if not first-rate, at all events admirable qualifications for the character. After what we have witnessed, we should regret much to see an extinguisher put on the performances at Sadler's Wells, and yet we are afraid that such must be the result if a new theatre in the heart of the metropolis were opened for Macready.—*Observer*.

Sonnet.

NO. IX.

I often ask this question of my heart:

Whether, since it has learn'd to doat on thee,

It is less happy than 'twas wont to be—

Ere in its joys or sorrows thou had'st part;

And whether when the stings of anguish dart,

E'en to its core, it looks regretfully

Back to those cloudless days, when it was free—

Free from thyself, who now its sovereign art.

And then my heart replies, that, though it feels

The long dull pain of one perpetual thrall,

An agony its pow'r almost above;

Yet, when thou smil'st, such sense of pleasure steals

Into its depths, as compensates for all.

Better to love with pain, than cease to love! N. D.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—*The Morning Post* was not correct in its statement that this celebrated danseuse was engaged by Mr. Lumley for three years. Carlotta Grisi has entered into an engagement to perform at Her Majesty's Theatre for the space of two months in each of the three ensuing seasons.

JENNY LIND.—*The Revue et Gazette des Theatres* says that Jenny Lind is in love with a young Swedish Protestant minister, an evangelical pastor, and that she will marry him as soon as she can bring to him a marriage portion sufficiently large to insure the prosperity and affluence of the remainder of their lives.

[This must be taken at its proper value—recollect, reader, that it appears in the *Revue et Gazette des Theatres*.—Ed.]



Leopold de Meyer.

In a recent number, we gave our readers a specimen of Yankee criticism, *apropos* of Leopold de Meyer, the pianist. We now offer them a specimen of Yankee caricature, *apropos* of the same remarkable personage. The above charge has appeared in many of the American papers, and Leopold himself seems so pleased with it, that he displays it at the heads of his programmes, and emblazons it at the corners of his letter-paper. Our readers, no doubt, will place it in the same category as the criticisms. To judge by the American papers, the career of Leopold de Meyer in the United States has been a "blaze of triumph." Beginning with a spark, it has been puffed into a furnace, and will, we have little doubt, grow into a volcano ere the "lion-pianist" shall have achieved his mission, that of thoroughly humbugging a nation, the chief element of whose character is humbug. That De Meyer may effect this, we wish as heartily as he can wish himself. If anything can do it, it is the *Marche Marocaine*.

THE AFFINITIES.

From the German of Goethe.

(Continued from page 574.)

PART I.—CHAPTER III.

The Captain came; he had previously sent a very sensible letter, to which set Charlotte completely at rest. Such a clear perception of himself and of his own situation, as well as of the situation of his friends, promised happily for the future.

The conversation during the first few hours was, as is usual among friends who have not seen each other for a long time, ani-

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mated, and indeed almost exhausted every topic. Towards evening, Charlotte made them take a walk to the new improvements. The Captain was much delighted with the place, and observed all the beauties, which it had been impossible to see or enjoy before the formation of the new paths. He had a practised eye, which was at the same time easily pleased; and although he knew well enough what was desirable, he never, as is too often the case, put people who took him about their property in an ill-humour, by asking for more than circumstances allowed, or by calling to mind something more perfect which he had seen elsewhere.

When they reached the moss-cottage, they found it decorated in the gayest manner, — only, indeed, with artificial flowers and evergreens, but with these had been combined such beautiful bunches of real wheat, and other productions of tree and field, that they did honour to the taste of the arranger. "Although," said Charlotte, "my husband does not like his birthday or his nameday* to be solemnized, he will surely not take it ill that I have dedicated these few wreaths to a triple festival."

"Triple?" cried Edward.

"Certainly," replied Charlotte; "it is but fair that we should treat our friend's arrival as a festival; and then have you forgot that this is the nameday of you both? — is not one called Otto as well as the other?"

The two friends shook hands across the table. "You remind me," said Edward, "of this early instance of friendship. We were both called so when children, but when we lived together at school, and many mistakes arose from the circumstance, I readily gave up to him this pretty laconic name."

"And no great magnanimity either," said the Captain. "I recollect well enough that the name of Edward pleased you better, because it has a remarkably good sound, when uttered by agreeable lips."

Thus did they sit all three round the very table at which Charlotte had spoken so zealously against the introduction of their guest. Edward, in the moment of joy, did not wish to remind his wife of those times, but he could not refrain from saying, "There is yet room for a fourth."

At this moment the sound of bugles was heard from the castle, and, as it were, confirmed and corroborated the good feelings and wishes of the assembled friends. They listened in silence, all resigning themselves to their own thoughts, and feeling their own felicity in so happy an union.

Edward was the first to break the pause, as he arose and went out at the cottage door. "Let us at once take our friend to the heights," he said; "or he will think that our castle and our abode is confined to this narrow valley. Up yonder the glance becomes more free, and the bosom extends itself."

"On this occasion then," observed Charlotte, "we must clamber up the old footpath, which is somewhat difficult; but I hope that my steps and new road will soon afford a more convenient way to the very top."

And thus over rocks, and through shrubs and bushes they reached the topmost summit, which, indeed, was no flat surface, but a continuous and fertile slope. The village and castle behind were no more to be seen. In the depth below were visible some broad pieces of water; above them woody hills, along the feet of which they extended, and, lastly, some steep rocks, forming a perpendicular border to the last watery mirror, which reflected their imposing forms on its surface. In a chasm, from which a large brook was falling into the lakes, lay a mill, half-concealed, which, with the objects surrounding it, seemed an agreeable resting-place. Eminences and depths, bushes and woods, the first green of which promised a most luxurious spectacle in the future, were variously interchanged with each other through the half-circle which came within the gaze. At several points the eye was arrested by single groups of trees, and a mass of planes and poplars on the borders of the central lake; and at the feet of the contemplating friends, had a remarkably good effect. This mass stood erect in the prime of growth, fresh, healthy, and spreading broadly around.

To this object Edward especially directed the attention of his friends. "This," he exclaimed, "I reared with my own hands in

the days of my youth. They were young plants which I saved when my father, on laying out the plan for a new part of the large castle-garden, had them rooted up in the middle of the summer. Doubtless they will, this year, again show their gratitude by new shoots."

They returned cheerful and contented. To the guest was assigned a pleasant spacious apartment in the right wing of the castle, where he very soon put up and arranged his books, papers and instruments, that he might pursue his ordinary occupations. But, during the first few days, Edward allowed him no rest, taking him everywhere about, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and making him acquainted with the district and the estate. At the same time he revealed to him his desire for a closer knowledge, and a more advantageous use of the property.

"The first thing that we ought to do," said the Captain, "is for me to take a survey of the spot with the magnetic needle. It is a light, pleasant occupation; and if it does not afford the most accurate results, it is always useful, and does well for a beginning. One can also practise this method without any great assistance, and be sure of coming to an end. If you ever think of more accurate mensuration, we shall be able to consider of that afterwards."

The Captain was well practised in this method of surveying. He had brought with him the necessary materials, and set about it at once, giving instructions to Edward, as well as to some peasants and huntsmen, who were to assist him in the occupation. The days were favorable; the evenings and the early part of the mornings he passed in noting down and marking out the plans. Soon he had finished coloring them all, and Edward was astonished when he saw his possessions, in the clearest manner, rise like a new creation out of the paper. He thought he never knew them till now; — nay, they seemed for the first time to belong to him.

Here was an opportunity of talking about the locality and the plans, which were much more practicable after such a survey, than while mere isolated experiments were made on nature, according to casual impressions.

"We must explain this to my wife," said Edward.

"By no means," objected the Captain, who did not like to see his own convictions crossed by those of others, and whom experience had taught that the views of human beings are far too various to be united at one point, even with the most rational inducements. "By no means!" cried he, "she might easily be puzzled. With her, as with all who are mere amateurs in such matters, it is of more importance that she should be doing something, than that something should be done. They touch nature here and there, have a predilection for this or that spot, do not venture to remove this or that obstacle, are not bold enough to make some sacrifice, cannot predict how something will turn out; — they make experiments, some fail, some succeed; — they alter — alter perhaps what should be left untouched, leave untouched what should be altered, and thus the whole is a piece of patch-work, that pleases and excites, but does not satisfy."

"Confess honestly," said Edward, "you are not satisfied with my wife's plans."

"If the execution were equal to the conception, which is very good, there would be no fault to find. She has toiled her way up through the rock, and now fatigues every one whom she takes with her. There is a want of freedom, whether we walk side by side, or one after another. The measure of the step is interrupted every moment, to say nothing of other objections."

"Could it have been easily managed otherwise?" asked Edward.

"Very easily," said the Captain; "she had only to break away a nook of rock which is not visible, consisting, as it does, of small portions, and thus she would have gained an elegantly winding ascent, and at the same time superfluous stones to wall up the places where the path becomes narrow and broken. But let this be said in the strictest confidence, otherwise she will be hurt, and at the same time perplexed. Besides, what is already finished must be suffered to remain. If you are willing to expend more money and labour, there is still much to be done, much that is pleasant to be produced from the moss-hut upwards, and over the heights."

While the present opportunity thus afforded much occupation to the two friends, there was no want of a lively and agreeable remembrance of bygone days, in which Charlotte could participate.

* A "nameday" is the day of the Saint after whom a person is named, and among Catholics is more important than a birthday; thus the nameday of all the "Thomases," is St. Thomas's day.

They decided that as soon as their immediate labours were ended, they would go to the travelling-diaries, and thus recal the past.

However, there were fewer subjects on which Edward and Charlotte could converse alone, especially since he felt at heart the blame which had been bestowed on her plans, and which seemed to him so just. For a long time he concealed from her the confidential remarks of the Captain; but when at last he saw his wife occupied once more in working up from the moss-cottage to the heights, with small steps and pathways, he no longer restrained himself, but after a little circumlocution, made her acquainted with his new views.

Charlotte was astonished. She had sense enough to perceive at once that the new views were correct; but, on the other hand, what was done was done. She had found her own plan right, nay desirable; and even that which was most blamed was liked by her in every detail. She resisted conviction; she defended her little creation; and she found fault with the male sex, who went at once on a grand scale, always wanted to make a great work out of a mere jest and pastime, and never thought of the expense incurred by an extended plan. She was moved, hurt, vexed: she could neither give up the old plan, nor quite reject the new one; but resolved as she was, she suspended the work at once, and took time to think over and mature the affair.

Missing her daily occupation, while the men more and more intimately pursued their business, bestowing especial zeal on the flower-gardens and conservatories, interspersing their labours with the usual knightly exercises, such as hunting, buying horses, changing them, training them, and breaking them in, Charlotte felt every day more lonely. She carried on her correspondence, sometimes on the Captain's account, with more spirit than ever, and yet she had many a solitary hour. So much the more agreeable and entertaining was the news she received from the school.

To a long letter of the Teacher, who, as usual, was very diffused and complacent on the progress of Charlotte's daughter, a short postscript was annexed, besides an enclosure from one of the male assistants of the establishment. Both of these documents we give:

THE TEACHER'S POSTSCRIPT.

"Respecting Ottilia, my lady, I have only to repeat what is contained in my former letters. I do not see how I can blame her, and yet I cannot be satisfied with her. As before she is modest and obliging towards others, but this very reserve, this very readiness to assist does not please me. You lately sent her money, and some different materials for dress. Both remain untouched. She keeps her things, I must own, very clean and nice, and with this view only appears to change her clothes. Nor can I commend her very great moderation in eating and drinking. There is, to be sure, no superfluity at our table, but there is nothing I like better than to see the children eat sufficiently of our savoury and wholesome food. That which is served with due deliberation and mature conviction, should, methinks, be eaten, but I can never bring Ottilia to this point. Nay, she will make it her special business to supply some omission of the servants, only for the sake of avoiding a meal or a dessert. With all this, it is to be observed, that she frequently, as I have lately found, has a pain on the left side of her head, which is transient, but may become serious. So much for a girl, who, in all other respects, is so good and withal so beautiful."

THE ASSISTANT'S ENCLOSURE.

"Our excellent teacher is in the habit of letting me read the letters in which she communicates any remarks upon her pupils to their parents and guardians. Those which are addressed to your ladyship, I always read with double attention and delight; for while we congratulate you on a daughter who unites in herself all those brilliant qualities which procure advancement in the world, I at least can congratulate you on the possession of a foster-daughter, who is born for the good and satisfaction of others, and also, I am sure, for her own happiness. Ottilia is almost the only one of our pupils respecting whom I cannot come to an agreement with our highly esteemed teacher. I am by no means displeased with the wish of that active lady, that the fruits of her care should be openly and clearly seen, but there are also concealed fruits, which are, after all, the soundest, and which earlier

or later develop themselves into a beautiful life. Since I have instructed her, I have seen her always move at an equal pace,—slowly, slowly forwards, never back. If with any child it is necessary to begin at the beginning, that is certainly the case with her. That which does not follow from premises laid down, she cannot comprehend. She is incapable, nay obstinate, when anything is presented to her, which though in itself easy to be understood, is unconnected with anything else. If one can find the connecting links, and render them plain to her, she finds the most difficult thing comprehensible.

"This slow progress keeps her back, as compared to her school-fellows, who having talents of quite a different order, always hasten onwards, easily comprehend everything, however unconnected, and are as ready in applying it. Thus if a lesson is hurried over, she learns literally nothing, as is the case on some occasions when she has to do with professors, who, though excellent in their kind, are hasty and impatient. Fault has been found with her handwriting, and with her inability to understand the rules of grammar. I have looked closer into this subject of complaint, and find that she does indeed write slowly and stiffly, but that her letters are not ill-formed, and that her hand is somewhat bold. What I taught her of the French language, (which, by the way, does not belong to my department,) instructing her step by step, she understood easily enough. It is indeed strange; she knows much, and knows it well, and yet, when she is questioned, she seems to know nothing.

"If I were to conclude with a general remark, I would say—she does not learn like one who is to be educated, but like one who is to educate; not as a pupil, but as a future instructress. It will perhaps appear singular to your ladyship, if I tell you that I give the very highest praise to any one, when I say I consider her as belonging to my own class. The better insight into things, and deeper knowledge of men and of the world, which belongs to your ladyship, will enable you to put the best construction on my confined, but well-meant expressions. You may rest assured that there are the greatest hopes of this girl. I close my letter respectfully asking permission to write again as soon as there is anything important and pleasant to communicate."

Charlotte was highly pleased with this letter, the contents of which completely agreed with her own opinions respecting Ottilia. At the same time she could not refrain from a smile, for the interest of the tutor seemed to be warmer than that which is usually inspired by insight into a pupil's virtues. This notion, like many others, she dismissed, after her own calm, unprejudiced way of thinking, and she set a value on the sympathy which the intelligent man displayed for Ottilia. In the course of her life she had learned sufficiently to perceive how much every genuine inclination is to be appreciated in a world where indifference and dislike seem so completely domiciled.

(To be continued.)

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Lavenue's new opera, *Loretta, a Tale of Seville*, with sundry cuts and modifications, has been played every night since our last. The houses have been excellent. The ballad of Madame Bishop, "On the banks of Guadalquivir," that of Miss Poole, "Happy Heart," and that of Mr. Harrison, "If we are not loved again," or "Oh, I can well believe"—we forget which—continue to receive their complimentary encores. In the duet with Borroni, Madame Bishop won the same honor for the movement *a la valse*, and in the brilliant final rondo, "Oh heart be hushed," ditto ditto, with thunders of applause, and an extravagant quantity of bouquets. Mr. Bunn, with that spirit which is his characteristic, stands not idly contemplating the success of his last opera, but has backed it up by the production of a new two-act ballet of action, *The Wags of Wapping*, which obtained the most unequivocal success. As we have elsewhere spoken of its heroine, Mademoiselle Sophie Fuoco, it is enough for us to cite a portion of the notice rendered next morning by a cotemporary.

The Wags of Wapping is an English version of *Betty*, "which," says *The Times*, "was brought out originally at the *Académie Royale* of Paris last summer, and Mademoiselle Fuoco, who sustained the character of the heroine, is the same who made so favourable an impression on the Parisians. The story of the ballet being precisely similar to that of *Charles II., or the Merry Monarch*, which Mr. Howard Payne adapted from the French comedy, "*La jeunesse de Henri V.*" it is sufficiently familiar to the English public to render a detail of it here unnecessary. The only change which M. Mazillier, the author of the French ballet, has thought proper to make, is in the person of Edward, the page, who figures here, appropriately enough, under the disguise of a dancing-master, instead of a singing-master, as in the original. Mademoiselle Fuoco, the new *danseuse*, like many of her celebrated contemporaries, comes from Milan, the great modern school of choregraphy, and is, as her name would suggest, Italian by birth. She is small in stature, her figure slight but well-proportioned, her face expressive and handsome. Her style resembles in many respects that of the popular Carlotta Grisi, grace and natural ease being its chief characteristics. But she has many original qualities, and in one particularly, that of "pointing," she exhibits more facility and power than any dancer in our recollection. Her execution is wonderfully neat, her action uniformly elegant and easy, and her carriage that of one fully experienced in stage tactics. She acts with great vigour, truth, animation, and archness. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic than her reception last night. She was *encored* in her first step. The audience, who apparently, expected nothing half so good, being on their guard against the "puff preparatory," which had too often deceived them, were fairly taken by surprise. In a grand *pas de deux* with M. Huguet, a valuable exportation from the Neapolitan theatre *San Carlo*, Mademoiselle Fuoco introduced a step which was executed from beginning to end on the point of the toes—a marvellous piece of agility and strength. This was also redemanded. In the grand *pas d'ensemble* at the conclusion, another unanimous *encore* was awarded the fair dancer, in a step which, for the combination of graceful quietude with the most rapid and intricate movements of the feet, could with difficulty be surpassed. On the whole there has been no new star in the terpsichorean hemisphere, for some years, that can in any way be compared with Mademoiselle Sophie Fuoco. At the fall of the curtain, after each act, she was recalled by the audience and applauded with the utmost warmth. Among the most remarkable feats of the subordinate dancers was the so-styled "Old English double hornpipe," in which the sisters St. Louin displayed so much neatness and agility as to obtain an *encore*, and a very elegant *pas de trois* by Mesdemoiselles Benart, Dabignon, and Adele. Mademoiselle Louise, in the Page, acted with her accustomed talent, and appeared before the curtain with Mademoiselle Fuoco and M. Huguet, who sustained the part of Charles II. at the end of the ballet. The scenery and the general getting up of the *Wags of Wapping* are in a style of completeness and splendour that confers credit upon the management. Mr. Grievé's scene, the view of London in 1660, called forth special applause. The music, by M. Ambroise Thomas, an operatic composer of considerable reputation in Paris, is light, sparkling, and melodious, and is instrumented with much more care and effect than is customary with ballet composers in ordinary. A little curtailing of the action of the first scene, which is too long, and wholly without dancing, will improve the general effect, and the ballet has every likelihood to continue attractive until Christmas brings the pantomime for the holiday folk."

The Wags of Wapping has been repeated on Wednesday, Thursday, and last night, with continued success. It will be played again to-night, and every night next week. Meanwhile, Mr. Balfe's new opera has already been put into rehearsal. Two acts are completed. The third act will soon be ready, Mr. Balfe having gone into the country to compose it undisturbed. Mr. Wallace's opera is also in a forward state, and our readers will be glad to learn that he has, while waiting for the third act, with which Mr. Bunn, the librettist, has not yet supplied him, composed his overture, at leisure. A thoughtful and well-developed composition will be, therefore, expected at his hands—and not a crude and hasty *pot-pourri* hashed up in a few hours.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. Lester, from the Manchester Theatre, made his *début* here on Monday last in Webster's musical drama of the *Little Devil*. This piece was first produced about two years ago, and met with considerable success; the parts of Vincenzo and the Little Devil, now played by Mr. Lester and Miss P. Horton, our readers will recollect were at that time entrusted to Mr. Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris. The plot of the *Little Devil* is well known, the details may therefore be dispensed with. The music is adapted from Auber's "*La part du Diable*;" it is light, sparkling, and melodious. Mr. Lester's personation of Vincenzo, the "Devil-me-care," was marked with considerable vivacity and great spirit. The nonchalance, the contempt of danger, the thoughtlessness for consequences, natural to the student, "at that age when the blood runs riot in the veins," were portrayed with truth and fidelity. Mr. Lester, by-the-bye, possesses considerable personal advantages for the stage. He is strikingly handsome in face, his figure is elegant, his action graceful and easy, and his deportment gentlemanly. With such recommendations to back him, combined with the dramatic talent and stage tact which he appears to possess, we have no hesitation in saying that he will be found a great acquisition to the "corps dramatique" of the Haymarket Theatre. Miss P. Horton in the Little Devil was very effective; her vocal powers were well suited to the music allotted to her. The other parts were well played, and the piece was put on the stage with Mr. Webster's usual liberality as to dresses and decorations. It is reported that the debutant is a son of Mr. James Wallack, the name of Lester being an assumed one; if such be the case we think he acted unwisely (at all events unworldly) "in sailing under false colours," for there are many admirers of his father's talents who would have been delighted to have given a hearty welcome to a son of their great favourite. His success, however, coming from *public fiat*, was perhaps more satisfactory to him than if he thought he had succeeded by the help of the zeal and kindness of friends.

PRINCESS'S.—Colley Cibber's adaptation of Shakspeare's *King Richard the Third* was produced on Wednesday evening at this Theatre, and brought a very crowded house, Mr. J. R. Scott undertaking to enact the part of the Duke of Gloucester. Mr. Scott having previously made a very favorable impression in Sir Giles Overreach, it was naturally thought, from the superior dramatic fitness of Shakspeare's play to Massinger's, that a still greater effect would be produced by his impersonation of Richard. Before referring to the actor, let us say a few words respecting the play. Of Cibber's alteration far too much has been written in reprehension. The *literal* upholders of Shakspeare forget that he wrote for a stage and for an audience essentially different from ours. When no scenic illusions were made use of, the author taxed the imagination of his audience to the fullest extent; locality and propriety of

decoration being entirely left to the fancy of the spectator, the probabilities of time and space were overlooked, and no fear of giving offence was regarded by introducing on the stage arrangements incompatible with modern representations. In *Richard the Third* we have a strong exemplification of this. In the scene before the battle, the tents of Richard and Richmond are both presented on the stage to the spectator, though a sufficient space must have separated the two camps, to render such proximity within the bounds of belief, unless the imagination of the audience was enlisted in behalf of the poet. The audiences of Shakspeare's day saw nothing incredible in this arrangement. When called upon to believe that four bare walls exhibited at one time the room of a palace, and at another time a field of battle, they required but little faith to accredit the sacrifice of time and space. When improvements were made in theatrical decorations, and local realities were given to the scene by painting and other appurtenances, a still further change was effected in stage illusions, with regard to the unities. The credence of the spectator was no longer taxed to the uttermost. Something was left to probability, and the arena of the theatre was no more made to represent two distant places at the same time. Colley Cibber saw the necessity for altering the *Richard* of Shakspeare, and considering the difficulty and thanklessness of the task, we are inclined to say he acquitted himself with great judgment. The alteration of the last scene is admirably accomplished, and with the highest reverence for his author. Nearly the whole of the King's speech before the tent is adapted from the chorus of Henry the Fifth, and the introduction of Richmond and the ghosts is omitted with dramatic propriety. Cibber deserves praise also for the poetical feeling with which he has invested the scene between Richard and Anne, although it does not altogether accord with the previous narration of the drama. He has not exhibited equal judgment, or equal poetic feeling in the introduction of the parting scene between the Queen and her children at the Tower. It is a melo-dramatic clap-trap, utterly at variance with the dignity and purpose of the tragedy. The omission of Richard's denouncement of Hastings before the council, one of the finest dramatic figures of the play, speaks little for Colley Cibber's sympathy with the mighty designs of the poet. This scene was pilfered by Rowe, and transferred to *Jane Shore*, and it forms one of the most splendid dramatic coups of that tragedy. After all, Colley Cibber is hardly deserving of the vituperation heaped upon him by modern critics, since he has effected little besides adapting Shakspeare's play to the imperious necessities of modern exhibitions. Dryden and Nahum Tate are, indeed, worthy of all the opprobrium lavished on them for their desecration of the great poet; for they have not merely altered the plots of Shakspeare's dramas to suit their own mawkish moralities, but they have entirely subverted the creations of their author, and rendered his characters the reverse of what he intended. But something too much of this. Let us now review the new performer of King Richard on Wednesday evening, and apply ourselves to the office of criticism with as much impartiality as justice demands from us. We are sorry to say that Mr. Scott did not convey to us any vivid impression by his performance. From sheer lack of judgment, he entirely failed to depict Shakspeare's hero, either in his power or his intellectuality. The character of Richard the Third is one of the grandest and most highly-finished in the whole range of the author's portraiture. From the actor who represents it, there is demanded the greatest amount of passion and abstraction, with the nicest skill, and the most discriminating judgment. Few among our best artists, have been able to invest the part with force and vitality.

Mr. Scott has many qualities that would seem to befit him for the personation of Richard. He has great physical power, a strongly-marked countenance, and the capacity of adapting himself to a character with much seeming and energy; but thus far his merit extends, and no farther. He is either devoid of intellect sufficient to embody such a part as the Duke of Gloster, or his judgment is lamentably defective. In the three first acts of the tragedy, Mr. Scott occasionally exhibited an insight into the character of Richard, and occasionally made some original and happy points. In the more softened portions of the play also, we discovered something to admire, and remembering the energy he displayed in Sir Giles Overreach, we made up our minds to witness a signal success at the end. We were never more thoroughly disappointed. From the moment Gloster is made King, when he begins to show his natural imperiousness, alternately reviling and discarding his friends, when the tyrant becomes uppermost, and passion like a whirlwind sways him to and fro—in brief, when the King becomes infuriated in the two last acts, Mr. Scott trode the stage like a roaring lion. His judgment entirely forsook him. His ranting positively out-Cobham'd Cobham; and to such an extent was his vehemence carried, that it excited laughter among a considerable portion of the audience. In our own breasts the emotion excited was rather sorrow than mirth, for we felt satisfied that Mr. J. R. Scott had perverted the talents with which he was endowed, and we could not help entertaining a feeling of pity for faults and vices that might have been the consequences of education, not of any mental defects. As the character was performed on Wednesday evening by Mr. J. R. Scott, it was the most extravagant exhibition we ever witnessed. The play was exceedingly well put upon the stage, and all the actors acquitted themselves in their respective parts with propriety.

On Thursday we attended this theatre to hear, for the fifth time, Mr. Edward Loder's opera of *Giselle, or the Night Dancers*. We were more enchanted than ever. New beauties reveal themselves on every new hearing of this charming work. Mr. Allen was in excellent voice, and sang delightfully. Mad. Albertazzi, as usual, was quiet, graceful and unaffected. Mr. Leffler was inimitable, both in his singing and acting. Nothing could be better than his two songs. Miss Sarah Flower sang admirably. Her solo in the magnificent *finale* to the first act, and her duet with Allen in the second act were both perfect. She is a most improving artist. The "Flower duet" was charmingly sung by Mad. Albertazzi and Mr. Allen. The picturesque choruses of the *Willis* were excellently sung by the ladies. The house was full.

OLYMPIC.—On Monday evening, a new comedy, entitled *Life*, and purporting to be from the pen of R. Palmer, Esq., was produced at this theatre. The reception which the comedy met with in the course of the performance, rendered its success highly equivocal, albeit there was a call for the author at the conclusion, and that the play was announced for repetition amidst applause. When scene after scene is encountered with hisses, when dissentient monosyllables are heard at intervals, and when the laughter of ridicule is more frequently excited than the laughter of enjoyment, the dramatic production so visited can hardly be deemed successful, though it should close with approbation of the audience, and be given out for continuance. The comedy of *Life* is indeed to us a riddle. It is certainly written by a man endowed with talent, but absolutely ignorant of every essential of dramatic composition. We seldom detected a feeble line in the whole play, yet was it the dullest exhibition it has ever been our lot to witness on the stage—hardly excepting the Haymarket Prize Comedy.

It appears to us that the gentleman who wrote *Life* had written a novel, and being suddenly smitten with the dramatic mania, translated it into a comedy. The very pith and marrow of the story smacks of a three volume publication. Some of the incidents are so alien to comedy, that it is equally a matter of astonishment to us, how any person who had been at all conversant with dramatic compositions of that class could have introduced them, or how any manager could suffer a comedy containing them to be produced at his theatre. Low ruffians armed with pistols sending up a message by a servant to a gentleman for admittance, and upon their introduction proceeding coolly to murder him, and being only hindered by the discovery that they had pounced upon the wrong victim, presents one of the most obnoxious scenes that was ever hazarded in a comedy. The audience displayed their just appreciation of this outrageous exhibition by loud hisses. Perhaps it occurred to the author that he had a counterpart of this scene in *The Inconstant*, where Mirabel is assailed by the hired bullies. But independent of the necessity of the introduction of the murderers in Farquhar's play, to bring his hero to a just consideration of his own mode of life, and Oriana's merit, the whole scene of *The Inconstant* is written with so much vital power, invested with so much interest, and relieved with such brilliant dialogue, that no revulsion of feeling takes place, and the real intention of comedy is not sacrificed for an instant. The new play of *Life* has other objections of as great moment. There is a total want of purpose throughout. The author seems ever intending, and never accomplishing. Like Swift's housemaid, he is always "going to do it." The whole series of scenes is one procrastination, which in the end leads to nothing. The comedy is of interminable length. It took longer in the performance than any play we ever witnessed. The first two acts alone occupied two hours, and the curtain did not fall until a few minutes to eleven. It may be guessed that the audience were sufficiently weary of a drama that had little but its length to recommend it—if that could be a recommendation. The sibilations that occasionally hailed the play in its progress were not continued at the end, and Mr. Walter Lacy came forward, and announced *Life* for repetition, with but a few dissentient voices. We have no intention of detailing the story of the comedy. The main incident is tragical. A father has a roused son, whom he turns from his doors, and sends abroad on the world to seek his fortune. The son allies himself to a gang of thieves. He becomes repentant, but his reconciliation with his father is obstructed by a villain, who wheedles himself into the old man's affections, gets him to make a will in his favor, and by forged letters leads him to believe that his son is totally irreclaimable. The villain is exposed in the end, and all turns out happily. The comic characters of the play have no purpose whatever. They come, like shadows to depart, effecting nothing. There are two old ladies, and three young ladies, who figure in the piece. One old lady is a widow, who allures, by her antiquated charms, an elderly gentleman into the bands of hymen. The second old lady, low-bred and vulgar, has two daughters, for whom she endeavours to obtain worldly matches, but is foiled in the attempt. There is a certain fashionable youth, yclept Sir Jacob Smallwit, without any wit at all, and several young aristocratic gentlemen, who have no pretensions to *caste*. The only two characters in the comedy deserving of notice are a lively young lady, brusque and talkative, drawn somewhat after the manner of Helen in *The Hunchback*, and a man of *ton*, which are written with some spirit. These two parts were admirably represented by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lacy. We have no hesitation in saying these two characters preserved

the comedy from utter condemnation. That portion of the audience which laughed at the play, most certainly did so from mistaken notions. The author is a man of some ability, and writes occasionally well. In the dialogue he certainly exhibited no lack of meaning or purpose: but in the real essentials of dramatic writing—in those salient points of comedy—wit, fancy, fertile combination of ideas, felicitous touches of humour, together with the power of constructing scenes and a sustaining interest, he shewed himself a complete novice. In the dialogue, wherein all Mr. Palmer's merit consists, he never rises beyond frigid repartee. He brings two persons together for no other purpose than to talk in good set terms, which have no effect beyond setting an audience to sleep. Several of the scenes would be far from indifferent, if they were not prolonged as *usque ad nauseam*. All the performers acquitted themselves as creditably as could be expected. Nothing was spared that could render the comedy effective. The management deserves the highest credit for the manner in which *Life* was put upon the stage. Everything was appropriate. The costumes were excellent, and the scenery as splendid as we have seen it elsewhere. The scene in Kensington Gardens was quite real. It was received with bursts of applause.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. Mitchell has commenced his campaign gloriously. He has introduced the English public to an artist of consummate talent, hitherto unknown on this side of the water. Mdlle. Brohan, to cite the words of Jules Janin, in a recommendatory letter addressed to ourselves, is "*la plus charmante soubrette de Paris—une soubrette du haut lignage—Célimène qui a préféré devenir matron—Horlense qui a laissé la robe de cour pour le tablier et la cornette. Vous verrez, (he continues,) du premier coup d'œil, que je vous adresse la une des perles du Théâtre Français, une perle de la plus belle eau.*" Besides many other fine things which we should like to quote, but that the hieroglyphic character of the brilliant *feuilletoniste's* handwriting renders deciphering an arduous matter of no small difficulty. Mdlle. Brohan's success on her first appearance, yesterday night week, before the fashionable and aristocratic audience of the St. James' Theatre, was complete. Her first part was in Regnard's *Les Folies Amoureuses*, a comedy in three acts, which had never previously been introduced at Mr. Mitchell's theatre. Mdlle. Brohan's acting in the opening scene, was so full of life and reality, of captivating archness and fine coquetry, of vigor, animation, and all the best qualities of genuine comedy, that a burst of hearty applause was followed by a general call for her re-appearance on the stage, to which compliment the clever actress gracefully responded, evidently gratified with her reception. Her acting throughout the excellent little comedy of Regnard was perfectly delicious, and her success unequivocal. In the *petite comédie* of Pigault la Brun, *Les rivaux d'un même*, one of the most lively and well-constructed of its class, Mdlle. Brohan was equally successful. What is related of Mrs. Jordan and Miss Duncan, by old play-goers, seems to apply to Mdlle. Brohan. With a look, a word, a laugh, or a gesture, she can bring down applause from the whole audience. The way she manages her voice is highly artistic. And what a luscious voice it is! How sonorous, how musical, how capable of infinite modulation! Her articulation is wonderfully distinct, and her pronunciation of the French language exquisitely pure. In short, Mdlle. Brohan is in all respects an actress of genius, accomplished in all the requisites of her art. Her silver laugh still rings in our ears, and her voice has taken a lodging in our memory from which it will not be displaced. Moreover, and this is no light matter, Mdlle. Brohan possesses personal graces, both of face and form, of uncommon quality, and her

smile is perfectly bewitching, displaying a range of teeth as white as pearls, and as regular as a file of infantry. The first piece on the first night (Mdlle. Brohan made us forget everything else) was *La Jeunesse de Henri V.* which was the origin of our own *Charles II. or the Merry Monarch*, which in its turn originated the ballet of *Betty*, whence has emanated *The Wags of Wapping*, wherein appeared Sophie Fuoco—although the whole of them (Fuoco and all) we are given to understand, by Mr. Bunn and the critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, sprang from something or other, we forget precisely what, by the immortal and immaculate Tom Dibdin. The French piece, however, is good enough in its way, and was capitally performed. M. Rhozevil and Mademoiselle Celimene Vallée, a charming exportation from the *Gymnase*, sustained the principal parts. The characters in the Brohan pieces were generally sustained with ability, Cartigny was inimitable in *Les Folies Amoureuses*, as the jealous old guardian; and the representative of Crispin, whose name has unfortunately escaped us, played the part most amusingly, investing it with all the traditional merry-andrewisms which are (according to the best authorities) inseparable from the character, although not indicated by the author in the stage directions. In the *Rivoux d'eux mêmes*, Mdlle. Celimene Vallée and M. Rhozevil supported Mdlle. Brohan admirably.

On Monday, Madlle. Brohan appeared in three parts—Julie, in *La Femme Juge*, with Cartigny—the soubrette in *Le Mari et l'amant*, with M. Berou and M. Dumery—and again the soubrette in *L'Obstacle Imprevu*, a three-act abridgment of a five-act comedy, by Destouches, with Madame Grassau. She was received with the same enthusiasm as on the first night, by an audience still more crowded, many of whom were attracted, no doubt, by the flattering accounts rendered by the morning papers of Madlle. Brohan's debut. Last night she again appeared in two pieces—*Le Roman d'une nuit*, and *Le Bonhomme Richard*—with no less success. But of these we shall speak at length in our next number, when we propose to render fuller justice to the other excellent artists who constitute a portion of Mr. Mitchell's company. Meanwhile, let us congratulate the spirited director on the success which appears likely to attend his exertions this season. It would be a reproach to this great metropolis, if so intellectual and instructive a medium of amusement and relaxation as the French Plays failed of attracting, in a sufficient degree to repay the outlay and reward the trouble of the speculator.

LYCEUM.—A series of promenade concerts, *a la Jullien*, were commenced at the above theatre on Monday night, under the direction of Mr. Allcroft, the music-publisher, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley having closed their performances until Christmas. A complete orchestra, numbering eighty individuals, was provided, under the effective conduction of Signor Negri, and the no less effective leadership of Mr. Thirlwall. Considering the present request for instrumentalists at the different theatres, and at Jullien's, we were no little surprised at the excellent band brought together by Mr. Allcroft, and this shews us that so far from there being in England a lack of musicians, whatever the demand may be for performers, the country has resources in itself to meet any deficiency. The first performances of Mr. Allcroft's series were praiseworthy, both in point of variety and excellence. Young Master Thirlwall played Paganini's "Witches' Dance," and was much applauded. A new polka, entitled "The Victoria and Albert Polka," was encored. It is from the pen of Mr. Pugni, and has considerable merit. Mr. Distin and Mr. H. Distin performed with great effect. Mr. H. Distin played a solo on his new instrument, the Sax-tromba, and was greatly applauded. Mr.

Distin received an encore in a solo on the trumpet, which he played very finely. The great feature of the concert was a selection from Macfarren's opera of *Don Quixote*, capitally arranged, and well performed by the band. It won unanimous applause from the audience, who seemed fully to appreciate the delicious music of *Don Quixote*. Solos from the opera were provided for bassoon, cornet-a-piston, and ophicleide. Mr. Handley performed the exquisite air, "Ah, why do we love?" on the cornet, and was rapturously encored. Henry Russell and Sinclair were the vocalists: the former was encored in three songs, and the latter received the like compliment in a ballad of his own composition, entitled "Come sit thee down." Mr. Sinclair's reception proved that the audience had not forgotten this once highly-prized favorite. His style and method have lost little or nothing of his former excellence, but time has impaired the quality of an organ, that was once unparalleled for sweetness and flexibility. The concert finished with spirit, and gave gratification to a crowded house.

COVENT GARDEN.—Jullien's Promenade Concerts are crowded beyond access every evening. There is no getting in after eight o'clock. The doors are besieged as early as six, and as much excitement prevails as if Kean or Malibran were going to perform. The monster band, Jullien's last invention, has tended mainly to effect this. The excellence and variety of the nightly programmes has also assisted in enhancing the attractions. Overtures of all the great composers, symphonies, selections from popular operas, polkas, quadrilles, waltzes, songs, and solos, have offered every species of musical entertainment to the visitor. But Mons. Jullien's "Army Quadrilles," executed by the monster orchestra, has been the great feature of the week. They have been performed every evening, and have excited a kind of *musico-mania* in the audience. The very performers themselves seemed to catch the excitement created, and exerted themselves as if they were performing their own funeral requiem, and were determined to make a noise in the world before they left it. We cannot refrain from seriously expressing our admiration of Miss Birch's singing a most charming song of Roch-Albert's, called "Come o'er the Sea," in which she is encored nightly. "Come o'er the Sea," is one of the most effective songs we have heard for a long time, and the audience duly appreciates both the singing and the composition. Mons. Jullien's concerts will close next week, and the whole series will wind up with a grand *Bal Masqué*, in the same style of splendor as the masked balls of last season. Assuredly, Monsieur Jullien is the very Haroun-al-Raschid of musical caterers, going about at all sorts of times, and inventing all sorts of entertainments to amuse the public. In our notice of the principal attractions of the week, we unintentionally omitted a solo performed by Mons. Sainton on the violin, which was splendidly played and rapturously applauded.

Reviews on Music.

"The Musical Bijou," an Album of Music and Poetry for 1847.—D'ALMAINE & Co.

MESSRS. D'ALMAINE & Co. have issued their musical periodical for 1847 in their usual style of magnificence and excellence. The illustrations are exceedingly splendid. The frontispiece comprises a picturesque tableau, surrounded by a border ornamented with medallions and arabesques, selected from the Grimani manuscript of Julio Clovio, from the pencil of Mr. Brandard. The title plate is drawn from the same source, and designed by the same artist. The figure of the armed knight in the right hand border, is vigorously drawn, and the miniature of the cardinal himself, immediately above, is exquisitely

finished. The allegorical figures and objects introduced into the border, have great merit. The Inscription is taken from a manuscript in the Harleian collection, in the British Museum. It is splendidly designed, and represents a highly ornamented circlet in gold and bright colours, surrounding a Latin inscription in capitals of gold, and surmounted by an allegorical representation of two cupids supporting a wreath, in which is inscribed the arms and crown brilliantly illuminated. The Covers are borrowed from an illuminated frontispiece-title to a vellum manuscript in the "Bibliotheca Egertoniana," in the British Museum. At the head of the Cover, is the winged Lion of St. Mark, somewhat minute, but well-drawn and highly colored in gold, green and carmine. Mr. Brandard has introduced three figures representing poetry, painting and music. We fancy the disposition of these three figures was suggested by a vignette of Mr. Brandard's, in "The Songs of Erin," a musical work, published at D'Almaine's, and which was designed to represent allegorical types of England, Ireland and Scotland. However, the idea is Mr. Brandard's own, and we cannot quarrel with it. The Contents exhibit a beautifully colored and graphic scroll, and is also copied from the Grimani manuscript. The border and initial letters are in bright gold, and a neatly designed vignette in black, introduced in the centre of the left hand border, adds much to the beauty of the page. The expense and trouble attending this splendid production can hardly be estimated. As a decorative work it can scarcely be surpassed even in modern art. Let us now consider the musical merits of the "Bijou." Among the musicians that supply vocal pieces, we find the names of Macfarren, Sir Henry Bishop, Loder, Alexander Lee, J. Parry, Lindpaintner, Crouch, Linter, G. Linley, Blockley, John Barnett, Charles Horn, and others of less celebrity. The poets comprise Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Alexander, J. E. Carpenter, Haines Bayley, Mrs. Abdy, Desmond Ryan, and others. The vocal *morceaux* amount to fifty. We have not space to notice them individually. The names of the composers are sufficient guarantee for their merits. We cannot forbear from noticing one remarkable error that has crept into the volume. Mr. F. N. Crouch is proverbial for his musical modesty—we cannot therefore understand how he has permitted his name to be appended as composer to an old Irish melody. The song, No. 50 of the volume, "Old Albion, Scotia, and Erin-go-bragh," has already been made use of by Tom Moore in his Irish Melodies, and is adapted to the words commencing, "Oh! doth not a meeting like this make amends," and Mr. Desmond Ryan chose the same air because he thought the melody admitted poetry of a more national character. Mr. Crouch, we believe, absolutely arranged the song, and therein lies all his claim to the composition. The editor made a sad oversight when he allowed Mr. Crouch to add his name as composer. There are seventeen instrumental pieces, comprising Quadrilles, Galops, Waltzes, *Temas Variees*, Melodies, Romances, &c. by well-known composers, among whom we may cite the names of Auber, Cellarius, Herz, Holmes, Thalberg, and Kalkbrenner.

Reviews on Books.

"Look before you Leap; or Wooings and Weddings:" a Comedy, in five acts, by GEORGE W. LOVELL, Esq., (Author of "Love's Sacrifice;" "The Provost of Bruges;" "The Wife's Secret;" "The Trustee," a novel, &c., &c.)—W. S. JOHNSON.

We have already reviewed this comedy at length in our notice of its first representation at the Haymarket Theatre.

We shall now beg leave to make a quotation therefrom, and submit to our readers whether the approval we bestowed on Mr. Lovell's play be deserving or otherwise. We shall select a portion of the comedy that will best represent the author's power of depicting character, and exhibit his peculiar views of humour and fancy.

ACT III. SCENE I.—A Street. Enter JACK SPRIGGS.

Spr. More dirty work for poor Jack Spriggs! It's very odd, but nobody ever gives me a respectable job! It's hard—extremely hard, upon my life it is! And what is a man to do that is born with refined tastes, educated in expensive habits, tortured with elegant desires, and can only earn eighteen shillings a week at regular work? Stop, here he comes. Defendant going to enter an appearance. Serjeant Spriggs retained for the plaintiff.

Enter BRANDON, L.

Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Brandon? delighted to see you—delighted to be allowed by my benignant fate, so early an opportunity of expressing my sympathy with your capricious fortune!

Bra. When I wish sympathy, sir, I'll not forget to send for you (*going*). *Spr. (detaining him)* Eh, stop—stop—stop! you ain't offended, are you? I would not offend you, for the world—upon my life I would not! Bless you! I'm a good-natured, well-meaning fellow, that never hurt the feelings of anybody—Why I could tell you of men, that after my professionally lodging them in Newgate, have been the best personal friends with me in the world!

Bra. When I owe you the same obligation, sir, I may claim a similar privilege. (*haughtily*) But I can postpone the pleasure till then.

Spr. Oh, come, nonsense!—don't take it so high and mighty. Bless you, I don't think a bit the worse of you for it.

Bra. For it!—for what, sir?

Spr. Come, come, now—that's too good—hang it! Why, everybody's talking about it already; and I bet you five shillings it will be in the papers to-morrow. (*Aside*) Took it to the Post, and Herald, myself, this afternoon. A fracas in high life—wealthy Mr. H—dash—N—only daughter, beautiful as an angel, and his heiress—youthful protégé, Mr. B—dash—N—, just returned from Oxford—discovered in an equivocal situation—young lady's jewels all packed up, in a small leather portmanteau—post chaise waiting at the corner—indignant father turned the gay Lothario from the house—young lady been in fits ever since—not expected to recover—young gentleman supposed to have destroyed himself—dragging the serpentine and Regent's canal—no news of the body up to the time of our going to press. View of the chamber expected to appear in the next Pictorial Illustrated.

Bra. Would you tell me, sir, that this infernal lie is being circulated?

Spr. Which lie? the dragging for your body?

Bra. Which lie, sir!

Spr. Now don't call me sir. It sounds so formal and unfriendly. Nobody ever calls Jack Spriggs, "sir," except when he is serving a notice or distress.

Bra. Answer my question. Is the vile fabrication current that I attempted the abduction of Miss Hardman?

Spr. Oh, that it is upon my word—upon my honor! Had it from all the servants in the house. Slight discrepancy in the evidence to be sure. The coachman, footman, and groom, say abduction; the cook, both the housemaids, and the lady's maid, seduction. But is not it true? honor bright! neither way—neither *ad* nor *se*?

Bra. Sir, it is as false as—

Spr. That's enough, that's enough! Don't trouble yourself for a smile. I believe you, my dear Mr. Brandon—I believe you, sir. Your word that's enough for me. The best informed people are sometimes in error. I've known even a newspaper mistaken. But your word, sir—your word—I'm quite satisfied—verdict, not guilty. Allow me to shake hands with you on your acquittal. You leave this court, sir, with an unblemished—

Bra. Psha!—but the scoundrel who has thus dared to assail my character—

Spr. Oh, don't fret about a little misunderstanding—all will blow over; Old Hardy will relent—take you back again—

Bra. Never! not though upon his bended knees he sued me to return! The wild bird who has chafed so long against the wires, when once his cage is opened, will not be so easily lured back again. Tell him, I only feel that I am free.

Spr. I say, though,—there's a little trough in the cage where the wild bird finds some seed when he is hungry; I've known him miss that very much when he has flown away. Poor thing! sometimes found starved to death a day or two after—eh?—Don't take it ill; I take an interest in you—upon my life I do—you've been ill used—very! But I say, how do you mean to live? You'll forgive my liberty.

Bra. I have youth, health, strength, energy—the world before, and heaven above me!

Spr. Generalities, my dear sir—pleasing generalities. But people don't live by generalities—must stoop to details. See a good dinner all very clear at a glance—that's a generality; but can't fill your stomach except you fix on your dish and take a mouthful at a time—that's a detail, eh? Where will you begin? what's your first dish?

Bra. I have not yet given this a thought.

Spr. (aside) Hem!—I suspected as much. Professions now are genteel—very; but don't begin to pay till about five and forty. It's a long fast from your age till then. Trade wants capital—or credit—afraid you have not either.

Bra. But I have my education—my talents—my pen.
Spr. (shaking his head) Hem! Pen! Could get you writing perhaps in our office—seven shillings a-week, and find every thing yourself, except your stool. Ah! I was afraid you would not like that.

Bra. I meant no slavish pen that plies for hire, but that which makes immortal—literature.

Spr. Easy writing—devilish hard publishing though. The booksellers won't, and you can't. Might write perhaps for the magazines and annuals, gratis, if the Duke of This, and Lady Agnes That, and the honorable Mr. Tother, let you any room: and if you kept it up well for a dozen years or so you might begin to get known, and perhaps a bookseller would publish for you then and share the profits—when you could find them.

Bra. But I have learning, and can communicate the knowledge I have acquired—a tutor—

Spr. Better be a footman. He has companions, the tutor has none. The kitchen is too low for him and the drawing room too high: so he flits about by himself in the dusk like a bat, because he is neither exactly a bird nor a beast.

Bra. Your arguments are sufficiently discouraging: yet I have such a fund of hope and energy within, that let me but remove this weight of calamity that presses on my name, and all the rest seems light and easy.

Spr. Hem! but that's difficult, sir, very; particularly if the papers have got it. Could not undertake to get it contradicted except as an advertisement—special paragraph—cost a good deal, and nobody believe it, then. You see a bit of scandal is public property, interests everybody. The contradiction is private property, interests nobody but the one person, and spoils a good story besides. Nothing exciting in a contradiction—could not undertake it without—I say, you won't think me impudent, but have you got any—(slapping his breeches pocket)—any of the ready?

Bra. Some ten or twelve pounds.
Spr. Ten or twelve pounds! (aside) Quite a little fortune! My dear sir, my dear Mr. Brandon, this requires every attention. When Mr. Oddington, heard the report—

Bra. Mr. Oddington! How! Would you tell me it has reached there?

Spr. Bless your heart, the very first place it went to! That's what I say, you see; the first report is always interesting—A deputation of Mr. Hardman's servants waited on Mr. Oddington's household—

Bra. This is beyond endurance! I'll fly there this instant.

Spr. (shakes his head) No go! Did not I mention it? The doors are ordered to be shut against you.

Bra. Condemned without a hearing! I'll—

Spr. Now stop, now stop! you're so impetuous. I had a thought—but you make me quite nervous.

Bra. What is it?

Spr. There you go—no patience—you're putting it all out of my head. (Aside) Ten or twelve pounds! What a comfortable little sum!

Bra. But your thought?

Spr. Bless me, how it's escaping me! Very odd; but when I want to think I'll tell you what I'm always obliged to do—

Bra. This is torture!

Spr. First I dine. I never can think, do you know, before dinner. By-the-bye, have you dined yet? That's a capital house at the corner!

Bra. (impatiently) Pshaw!

Spr. I don't think so. Then a bottle or so of wine, and a glass of brandy and water to stimulate the imaginative faculties; then a stroll to White Conduit, or the Eagle, and a cool cigar to quiet the mental excitement; then three or four games of billiards, to reduce the muscular irritability; and then—why then, I'm up to anything.

Bra. I shall go mad!

Spr. No, don't! because, when you know what Miss Mortimer said—

Bra. Miss Mortimer! has she too heard this villanous invention?

Spr. Did not I tell you? Bless my heart, there's my throat again! The most extraordinary complaint in my throat when I talk much! I can't speak another word till I've swallowed an oyster and a glass of stout—you have not dined you say?

Bra. You shall eat, drink, and swill only tell me what Miss Mortimer—

Spr. Upon my life, it's too bad; I would not, on any account, let you pay, only it is not a credit house; and changing my trousers I have left my purse at home.

Bra. I will pay anything—give anything! Put me but out of this suspense.

Spr. It's really extraordinary—hem;—hem!—all here! (Putting his hand to his throat) All round!—it's only just at the corner.

Bra. Tell me, but in one word—

Spr. I can't—upon my life, I can't speak a word—my throat is getting in such a state—I can't utter a single syllable, till I've—There, you see—that's the house—I'll introduce you (going).

Bra. But, Miss Mortimer—

Spr. The doctors say it's the uvula.

Bra. Curse your uvula!

Spr. Oysters, I think, you said, for a whet to begin with. *L. Exit.*

Bra. (following) Scoundrel!—tell me what Elinor—what Miss Mortimer—(rushes after him.)

We need hardly add any remarks to the above quotation. The reader will find Mr. Lovell's comedy sustaining throughout the brilliancy and point he cannot fail to discover in the selection we have made. If we cannot altogether recommend

"Look before you Leap" as the best model to be studied by the future inditer of comedy, its perusal at least will induct him into the right track, and warn him off the shoals whereon so many have wrecked themselves, despite of talents, knowledge and sufficiency.

Foreign Intelligence.

NAPLES.—(Chiaja Nov. 1, 1846.)—My dear ———— You ask my opinion of La Tadolini, who, if report be correct, is likely to be engaged next season at one of the rival Italian operas of London. I will do my best to serve you, but you and your readers must bear in mind that I am only an amateur, and rate my opinions at their proper value. Nature gave La Tadolini a *soprano* voice of exquisite quality and extensive compass; but art was behind-hand in cultivating nature's legacy to advantage. La Tadolini was nearly twenty years on the stage, without assuming any particular distinction. She was occasionally *prima donna assoluta* at one or another of the Italian theatres; but it was only when a better could not be procured. As an actress, she never acquired much celebrity. In 1840, however, while at Vienna, poor Donizetti composed *Linda di Chamouni* expressly for Tadolini, and thence may be traced her subsequent popularity. She was very good in *Linda*, and even better in *L'Elisir d'amore* of the same composer. In 1842 she came here for the first time, and created quite a *furor* in these two operas. But in *Parisina*, another of Donizetti's operas, in Bellini's *Norma* and Rossini's *Otello*, she produced little or no effect. In the same year Pacini, an immense favorite with the Neapolitans, composed *La Fidanzata Corsa* for La Tadolini. She made a greater hit in this opera than in any of her previous attempts. Indeed so great was the enthusiasm of the public, that, on her benefit night, several persons were imprisoned for applauding her too boisterously. At Naples, you must know, that no one is permitted to applaud when the Court is present, without the signal being given from the Royal box, and then one round of applause only is allowed. An infringement of this rule of *etiquette* is answered by a *gen'darme*, who, in the most friendly manner, takes the offending enthusiast by the arm and conducts him safely to the police station, where he is locked up till further orders. In 1843, La Tadolini left Naples just three months before the arrival of La Bishop. *Vedete il cambiamento dei cose!* (Remark the vicissitudes of things!)* After giving several concerts, with success, La Bishop was persuaded to sing in an entire opera at the *San Carlo*, and the opera selected was (strange to say) *La Fidanzata Corsa*, La Tadolini's *cheval de bataille*. La Bishop's success was complete. La Tadolini was forgotten. The faithless Neapolitans began to make comparisons. La Tadolini was a great artist—certainly—but she had lost the power of singing *sostenuto* or *spianato*—and her voice trembled to a degree that made her efforts painful. Then she was a thought *passée*. Comparisons were made between the matronly *enbonpoint* of Tadolini and the *taille svelte* of La Bishop. To be brief, La Bishop gained ground nightly at the *San Carlo*, and all that year and the next (1844) she remained sole *prima donna di cartello*—which, in other words, means the singer approved by the King and engaged by his order. The theatres which enjoy this distinction (not always an enviable one) are the *Scala* at Milan, the *San Carlo* at Naples, the *Penice* at Venice, and two or three others. In *L'Elisir*, *Linda*, and all the favorite characters of La Tadolini, La Bishop obtained equal success. In *Otello*, where La Tadolini was unsuccessful, La Bishop was triumphant. In 1845, La Tadolini returned to Naples, and thus we had two *prime donne di cartello*. But the prestige of La Tadolini had vanished. She was no longer the *prima donna* of the fickle Neapolitans. Her first night was almost a failure, and singular to relate, several persons from among the audience were this time sent to prison, not for applauding, but for hissing her! In consequence of the extraordinary success which La Bishop had obtained in *La Fidanzata* and *L'Elisir*, La Tadolini declined appearing again in these operas, and they became the acknowledged property of her rival, who continued to perform in them to the great satisfaction of the public. La Bishop's success

* We thank our correspondent for his translation of this original phrase. En.

in *Otello* (with Donzelli, the famous tenor) was the *coup de grace* for La Tadolini. After singing ninety out of one hundred and twenty nights, La Bishop quitted Naples for Palermo, in September 1846. The *prestige* of La Tadolini began to revive in the absence of her dangerous competitor. She continued to be well received by the public, but no applauding zealot was handed out of the pit by the police—these days were over. I do not think she will ever visit Naples again. La Bishop, I understand, is re-engaged, and will return to the *San Carlo* in 1848. Her presence will, I think, be the signal for renewed enthusiasm among the Neapolitans, who have shown, in her favor, a constancy which is not a characteristic of their natural temperament. Ordinarily, they are as volatile and changeable as butterflies. I am glad you are to have La Bishop in London, and shall expect an account of her reception, and your own private opinion of her merits, at your earliest leisure. Believe me, dear —, always your sincere friend, E—D B—L.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I was much pleased in witnessing recently a clever little contrivance, the invention of a Mr. James Stewart, for enabling the violin-player to hold his instrument more securely. The want of this has long been felt by the performers on this instrument. The celebrated Spohr some time ago, devised a plan for remedying the evil; but in my humble opinion, the above registered patent of Mr. Stewart's is far superior in efficacy of purpose, and infinitely more simple in its construction. The first violinists of the day, Messrs. Blagrove, T. Cooke, Tolbecque, and others, have adopted it, and expressed the highest encomiums on its superior advantages, effecting an immense saving of time to the learner, and affording great facility in passages of execution to the professor, thereby imparting those benefits which could only be acquired formerly by long and laborious practice. Conceiving the above application invaluable to all violinists, and worthy of publicity, may I beg the favor of a corner in your journal, for the insertion of the same. I am, sir, your obliged servant, A PLAYER.

Nov. 18, 1846.

Miscellaneous.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—On dit, that a new flute-player from Italy, whose name has not transpired, has been engaged for the Opera. We are grieved to learn this, inasmuch as we happen to know that Mr. Richardson, our own most admirable flute-player, strongly recommended by the conductor, Mr. Balfe, applied for the situation of first flute, and was declined.

MR. WILSON has, during the present week, been working his way to London, preparatory to his commencing a short campaign at Crosby Hall on Tuesday, the 1st of December. He sang at Kendal on Monday, at Wigan on Tuesday, at Liverpool on Wednesday, at Wolverhampton on Thursday, at Coventry on Friday, and will be at his "own fireside" this evening (Saturday). "Happy Land" is, as usual, at his post, and gets more and more jolly.

SUSSEX HALL.—Mr. Henry Russell gave one of his *Soirées Musicales* on Wednesday evening, at the Rooms in Leadenhall Street, which was numerously attended. The entertainment consisted entirely of Mr. Russell's own compositions, which are so universally known, that it would be needless in this place to speak of their merits. The encores were frequent, and Mr. Russell, by his singing, well deserved the approbation of the company which he received. The concert was concluded by eleven o'clock.

ANECDOTE OF BOUCHER.—The eminent violinist, Boucher, used to introduce in his concertos very long extemporaneous *cadenzas*. Sometimes indeed, he was so wrapped up in his fanciful arpeggios, that the band and audience were forgotten. One day, at the end of a tedious concert, Boucher played one of his concertos; he never performed better, and the immense applause he received inspired him to such a degree, that at the pause which was usually placed in old concertos for the performer to shew his abilities as extemporaneous composer,

Boucher began a *cadenza*, introducing nearly all the motifs which had been heard at the concert; he went on, he played for ten minutes, twenty minutes. At last the band went away, and soon after, the audience; but Boucher never looked, and continued his *cadenza*. However, after a long time, the proprietor of the room, the only person present, came softly near Boucher, and bowing respectfully to the astonished violinist, shewed him a key, in saying, "My dear sir, it is very late; everybody is gone. When you have finished your *cadenza*, please to shut the door. Good bye! Bon appetit!"

MUSICAL CHARACTERISTICS have just (6th and 13th inst.) been made the subjects of two lectures at the City of Westminster Literary and Scientific Institution, by Mr. George Buckland. As the specimens introduced must be adapted to gratify an audience, to suit the capability of the singer, and at the same time to illustrate some principle of taste in the art, the topics which they suggested partook of their variety. This did not appear to detract from the interest of the subject; and whether the lecturer discussed the indications of national character in German and Italian song, or treated of the themes suitable or unfitted for musical expression, or happily hit off the protean talents of *Lover*, or with generous appreciation of eminence asserted the high merits of John Parry, Mr. Buckland appeared to maintain a lively interest in his audience. Among other pieces introduced by Mr. Buckland were, "The Bear Hunt," (H. Phillips) "Pestal," "Cinderella," (John Parry) warmly encored: "The Emigrant Ship," (Phillips) "Kitty Creagh," (Lover) "The Ship on Fire," (Russell) which was encored, as were Parry's "Young England" and "Matrimony." Several other songs were sung by the lecturer and Mr. Buckland, including Lindpainter's "The Standard Bearer," "Sally, Sally, do not tarry," (Lover) &c. The theatre was crowded on both occasions, and the entertainments were greeted throughout with the warmest expressions of approval.

CAMBRIDGE.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert took place in the Town-hall on Wednesday last, which was well attended in consequence of some of the metropolitan notabilities being announced. The concert comprised selections, vocal and instrumental, from favorite composers. Miss Dolby and Miss Rainforth were engaged, as was also Mr. W. Dorrell, the pianist. Miss Dolby was rapturously encored in Linley's song, "Thou art gone from my gaze," and Miss Rainforth received the same compliment in a song of Mr. Tully's. The two fair singers were also called upon by the whole room, to repeat a duet of Mendelssohn's, which they sang delightfully. Mr. Wells, pupil of Mr. Chester's, created a great sensation in a flute solo, which was encored with great enthusiasm. Mr. Dorrell's performance was the general theme of admiration. He is decidedly one of the most accomplished pianists in this country. His rendering of Beethoven's *Sonata*, in which he was ably supported by Mr. J. Banister, proved him not only a superior pianoforte performer, but a highly intelligent musician. Mr. Dorrell also conducted the concert with great spirit. His selection of the pieces was such as conduced to the gratification of all parties. Mr. John Parry sang two of his favorite comic songs, and received his usual encores. The *entrepreneur* of the concert was Mr. Wood, the well-known publisher.

NEW OPERA OF BERLIOZ.—M. Berlioz has just completed a grand musical composition, entitled "La Damnation de Faust," an opera in four parts. This composition, which excites great interest in the musical world, is to be performed at the Opera Comique, on the 29th instant, under the direction of the composer.

LORD BROUGHAM.—The following paragraph from the

Boston Daily Times will be news to Lord Brougham:—"Lord Brougham's son, who is yet a minor, and consequently dependent upon his father for support, has been noted somewhat of late for his attention to a young actress in the French theatre. His father recently wrote the following laconic epistle:—"If you do not quit her, I'll stop your allowance." To which the son replied—"If you do not double it, I'll marry her." The son will enjoy a seat in Parliament when he becomes of age."—*Dublin Evening Post*.—[The attention of connoisseurs is directed to the above paragraph. Its bearing on Musical matters may readily be guessed.—Ed.]

COSTUME FOR JULLIEN.—Pea-jacket—a rose in the button-hole—Berlin gloves, riding-whip with an ivory-leg handle, Polka hat, cloth boots with pearl buttons, Brougham trousers, eyeglass in the eye, gent's comforter, red-currant pin, and a Winner-of-the-Derby handkerchief."—*Punch*.

MISS BIRCH.—A correspondent informs us that this popular vocalist has refused to sing in any concert in which Miss Dolby and Mr. John Parry are henceforward engaged, and demands from us the reason of this refusal. Our only answer is, we know nothing of the matter.

JULLIEN.—It is rumored that the *chef d'orchestre* goes to Paris next year for two months, and takes with him 20 or 30 of his celebrated band. At the end of the present season, Mons. Jullien repairs to Germany for reinforcements.

ROUSSELOT.—The first movement of a Symphony by this distinguished musician, director of the Beethoven Quartet Society, will form one of the leading instrumental attractions of Mons. Jullien's Concerts for the week ensuing.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The second concert of this Society took place on Monday night at Erat's Harp Saloon. The concert opened with Beethoven's trio in E flat, which was very well performed by Miss Calkin, Mr. Gattie, and Mr. Lovell Phillips. Miss Calkin is making great progress in her profession. Mr. Potter and Mr. Holmes executed a duet for two pianos in a masterly manner. The duet was from the pen of Mr. Potter, and exhibited the highest kind of merit as a musical composition. It is in every respect the work of a finished and accomplished artist. A very clever sonata of Mr. Charles Horsley for pianoforte and flute, was admirably performed by Miss Binfield Williams and Mr. Winterbottom. Miss B. Williams's execution on the piano is neat and finished, and she plays with very great expression and unaffected feeling. Her improvement is remarkable, and she bids fair to become one of our most accomplished performers on the pianoforte. Haydn's quartet in G, was excellently interpreted by Messrs. Mellon, Westrop, Boileau, and W. L. Phillips. Miss Duval, a pupil of the Royal Academy, sang two songs of Mr. W. S. Rockstro, which were well received. The compositions have very great merit. Mr. W. H. Seguin sang a capital Bachanalian song by Howard Glover full of energy and character. Misses Rainforth and Duval were heard to advantage in an exquisite two-part song by Mendelssohn, and were encored with enthusiasm. The fair artists well merited the applause they received and substituted another duet from the pen of the same composer. Miss Rainforth was in excellent voice, and sang as sweetly and with as much taste as we ever heard her. This lady also gave with nice effect a ballad in which we saw little merit, but what it received from the graceful rendering of the vocalist. The celebrated trio in the "Marriage of Figaro," was well sung by the Misses Rainforth and Duval, and Mr. H. Seguin, and listened to with great pleasure. The concert was interesting in every respect. Mr. W. S. Rockstro accompanied the vocal pieces, and Mr. C. A. Stephens officiated as director of the ceremonies.

To Correspondents.

A LADY CORRESPONDENT. (Bridgewater.)—A portrait of the lady in question will appear shortly in the "Musical World," which may answer our correspondent's query better than we could in words. We have read the article alluded to in the new opera at Drury-Lane; but as it appears in a journal which nobody ever sees, it can do nobody any harm. To notice it were to afford it a means of publicity which it does not of itself possess.

Advertisements.

HENRY RUSSELL,

COMPOSER of the Popular Songs "Woodman Spare that Tree," "The Maniac," "The Gambler's Wife," "I'm Afloat," "The Ivy Green," "The Old Arm Chair," "Some Love to Roam," "The Ship on Fire," and numerous other compositions, will give a VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT, at the MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION, 17, Edward Street, Portman Square, on WEDNESDAY Evening, the 25th of November. The new and descriptive Songs which will be presented to the public in this entertainment partake of the impressive and highly moral tone which have hitherto characterised the preceding compositions of Mr. Russell. Amongst several new compositions, Mr. Russell will sing "The Idiot Boy," "The Wife's Dream," "There's a good Time Coming," "The Old Bell," "The Main-trunk; or, a Leap for Life," and a part of Lord Byron's effective Poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." Reserved Seats, 2s.; Back Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at the Institution. To commence precisely at half-past 7; doors open at 7.

JULLIEN'S NEW MILITARY QUADRILLE, The "BRITISH ARMY."

Just Published, JULLIEN'S "BRITISH ARMY" QUADRILLE, which is nightly attracting to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, the most crowded audiences ever assembled within the walls of a theatre. The arrangement has been most carefully made from the full score, and the whole of the descriptive passages, with their peculiar effects, being accompanied by ample explanatory notes, render this Quadrille an excellent teaching piece. Price 4s. Royal Musical Conservatory, 214, Regent Street, and 45, King Street.

CONCERTS & LECTURES, BRISTOL.

ROYAL ALBERT ROOMS, COLLEGE GREEN, BRISTOL.

The above ELEGANT ROOMS, situate in the most fashionable spot between Bristol and Clifton, are TO LET for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c. The principal Room, from its great height, is admirably adapted for music, and is, perhaps, the best Room in England for the Exhibition of Works of Art, receiving its light from the roof, which is equally diffused. Popular Lecturers will find this worth their attention, as the terms will be to their advantage. A Line, addressed to the Proprietors, will be attended to.

LORETTA.

The New Opera, performed nightly at Drury Lane Theatre; composed by L. LAVENU; the libretto by A. BUNN, Esq. The following Ballads and Romances are always encored:—"On the banks of Guadalquivir;" sung by Madame Bishop. "With thee I now will weep;" sung by Mr. Harrison. "If we are not loved again;" sung by Mr. Harrison. "Happy heart;" sung by Miss Poole. "Oh Heart, be hushed;" finale, sung by Madame Bishop. Also various arrangements of the Overture and Airs for the pianoforte. CRAMER, BEALE, and CO., 201, Regent-street, and 67, Conduit-street.

TO AMATEURS AND PROFESSORS OF THE VIOLIN AND TENOR.

J. Stewart's Registered Violin and Tenor Holder.

J. HART

Respectfully informs Amateurs and Professors of the Violin and Tenor that he is now prepared to supply them with the above INSTRUMENT, which, for ease of application and efficiency, surpasses anything of the kind that has yet been offered to the public. J. H. is borne out in this assertion by the opinion of some of the first violinists of the country, who have acknowledged its superiority by adopting the same, conceiving it to be the grand desideratum to the above instruments. J. Hart's Musical Instrument Warehouse, 14, Princes-street, Soho, where may be seen a fine collection of Cremona and other instruments, comprising Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati, and other celebrated makers.

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, and the British Army and Navy.

J. KOHLER'S NEW PATENT LEVER INSTRUMENTS.

J. KOHLER having brought to perfection and obtained Her Majesty's Letters Patent for the above invention, which he has applied to the CORNOPEAN, TRUMPET, CORNETTO, TROMBONES, and FRENCH HORNS, he can now with great confidence, after an experience of Five years in bringing the action to its present state of perfection, recommend them to her Majesty's Army and Navy, and all Professors and Amateurs. The advantages that this Patent gives to these Instruments are:—

1. All the Tones and Semitones produced by the Patent Lever are quite as perfect as the Natural Notes on the Instrument.
2. The intervals on the DIATONIC and CHROMATIC Scales are perfect, the compass greater, and the most rapid and difficult passages may be performed with a precision, freedom, and fullness of tone, and comparative ease to the performer.
3. Combinations in harmony, which never before could be performed at all by any Brass Instruments, may now be executed with perfect ease, and Twelve Instruments on this principle can produce a more rich and sonorous effect than Twenty Four could do on the old principles. The harshness of tone in the former Brass instruments is entirely done away with, and a set of these Instruments heard together, produces Military and harmonious effects never before heard.

These Instruments are now in use in HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND, FIRST LIFE GUARDS, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, GREENADIER GUARDS, FUSILLER GUARDS, ROYAL ARTILLERY, 60th ROYAL Rifles, &c. Testimonials, Drawings, and Prices, forwarded on application to J. KOHLER'S Manufacturing, 35, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, London.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

POSITIVELY THE
LAST WEEK OF M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.
M. JULLIEN'S BENEFIT.

M. JULLIEN begs most respectfully to announce that his BENEFIT will take place

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd,

being most positively the LAST NIGHT but Five of his Concerts.

On this occasion M. JULLIEN will have the honour to present to every lady visiting the Private Boxes or Dress Circle, a copy of an entirely New Polka, composed expressly by himself, and entitled "THE CAMELIA."

A Grand Selection from "I PURITANI" will be performed, introducing the celebrated Duet, "SUONI LA TROMBA," by the combined strength of the Orchestra and the Four Military Bands. The Programme, full particulars of which will be announced in the bills of the day, will also include a Solo by Mr. RICHARDSON, a Solo by Herr KENIG, the New Polka, "THE CAMELIA," BEETHOVEN'S Pastoral Symphony, the American Polka, also, for the first time, on the same evening, THE BRITISH NAVY and BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES, assisted by the Four Grand Military Bands.

The Concerts commence at Eight, and are over at Eleven.

The Season will terminate on MONDAY, November 30th, with a

GRAND BAL MASQUE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Mr. ALLCROFT'S PROMENADE CONCERTS
 EVERY EVENING.

On MONDAY NEXT, Mr. DISTIN'S BENEFIT, on which occasion a New Military Quadrille will be produced for the First Time, with an increased Orchestra, and Solos on the Sax Horns by Mr. Distin and his Four Sons. The celebrated Mr. Henry Russell will sing some of his most popular Songs.

Solo Players, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Carte, Mr. Distin, Master Thirlwall, Mr. Grattan Cooke, &c. &c.

The Programme will consist of a variety of popular Overtures, Waltzes, Polkas, and Quadrilles.

Pit, Promenade, and Upper Boxes, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, One Guinea. Applications to be made at the Box-office.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,
 EXETER HALL.

On WEDNESDAY, December 2, 1846, will be performed HANDEL'S ORATORIO, SOLOMON. Principal vocal performers—Miss Birch, the Misses Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of above 500 performers. Tickets, 3s. each; Reserved Seats, 5s., may be obtained of the principal Musicians.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

This being the commencement of a new season, a favourable opportunity offers for persons desirous of becoming Subscribers, who are requested to apply at Exeter-hall, this (Tuesday) Evening, between 8 and 10 o'clock; or to Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross. The Subscription is One Guinea, or for Reserved Seats in the area or gallery, Two Guineas per Annum; and during the past year the Subscription Concerts amounted to eleven.

THE MESSRS. DISTIN

Be to inform the Army, Navy, and Musical Public that they have Opened an Establishment for the Sale of those celebrated Instruments, the SAX-HORNS, SAX-TROMBAS, and SAX-CORNETS (as used by themselves); also, TROMBONES, TRUMPETS, FRENCH HORNS, and all kinds of Music and Musical Instruments.

DISTIN'S approved Cornet, including Case complete, £6 6s. Right-keyed Cocco Flutes, £2 2s. Pianofortes, &c. &c. The Trade supplied.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Examination of Candidates for the two King's Scholarships, one Male and one Female, annually vacated at Christmas, will take place at the Academy, on Friday, 16th December next.

Candidates (whose age must not be under twelve, nor exceeding eighteen years) will send in their names and address to the Secretary, at the Academy, accompanied by the recommendation of a Subscriber to the Institution, on or before Saturday, 12th December.

The Certificate of Birth (if required) must be produced previous to the Candidate being allowed to compete for a Scholarship.

By order of the Committee.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
 4, Tottenham Street, Hanover Square.
 November 18, 1846.

J. GIMSON,
 Secretary.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY,
 NOW OPEN.

PROFESSOR KIST, late of the Corps of PROFESSOR KELLER, the only Original introducer of the Poses Plastiques, begs leave most respectfully to announce to the NOBILITY, SUBSCRIBERS, and Public in general, that the above Hall is now open, for the display of Artistic Groupings. In which may be beheld every variety of FEMALE BEAUTY and GRACE, most elegantly and classically arranged, combining the additional attractions of Magnificent Decorations and Appointments, together with Illustrative and Appropriate Music.

At the same time Professor Kist wishes this to be perfectly understood, that ONLY such Subjects will be chosen for exhibition as must reflect credit on himself and give the greatest universal satisfaction.

For further particulars you are referred to the Programme.

Prices of Admission.—Stalls, 3s., Reserved Seats, 2s., Back ditto, 1s. Morning Performances, from half-past 2 to half-past 4; Evening ditto, from half-past 7 till 10.

Season tickets may be procured, upon applying at the Hall, for three calendar months, at the following rates—Stalls, £5 5s., Reserved Seats, £3 10s.

CONCERT BAND, under the direction of Mr. WILLY.

The Musical Profession, and all parties intending to give Concerts in London or the Provinces, are respectfully informed that

THE CONCERT BAND

which was established last Season, and was engaged by many of the most Eminent Professors with the highest approbation from all parties, may be engaged for Public and Private Concerts.

The inconvenience arising from the want of a well-organized Orchestra of first-rate Professors, complete in every department, although of limited numbers, and composed of artists in the constant habit of performing together, had long been a subject of general remark and regret, and had been the cause of keeping from our programmes the finest and most attractive orchestral compositions. The Concert Band has been formed to supply this deficiency. An obvious advantage attending the engagement of the Concert Band, to parties desirous of their services, is the great saving to them of time and trouble; all that is required on their part being a communication, personal or by letter.

Applications for Terms and other Particulars to be made to Mr. Willy, 15, Aldenham Terrace, Old St. Pancras Road; and to the Secretary, Mr. Carte, 23, Newman Street.

NEW AND POPULAR

QUADRILLES, POLKAS, &c.

* The Heidelberg Quadrilles, (with a View of Heidelberg, by C. D'Albert, Composer of the Bridal Polka, second edition,	3 0
Ditto ditto as Duets,	4 0
* Ibrahim Pacha Quadrilles, by D'Albert,	3 0
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* The Band Parts of these two very popular Sets of Quadrilles are also published.

The Sixth Edition of the celebrated BRIDAL POLKA, by D'Albert,	3 0
Ditto ditto, as a Duet,	3 0
The Valse de Paquita, from the popular Ballet by Coote,	3 0
COOTE'S Serenade Waltzes,	3 0
Set of Quadrilles from The Crown Jewels,	3 0
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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, HOARSENESS,
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Prepared strictly according to the formula of a distinguished Physician in Paris.

This preparation having enjoyed great celebrity for many years on the Continent, as well as undergoing a trial for some time in private practice in this country, is now introduced to the public as the most agreeable, efficacious, and speedy cure for the above affections, relieving the most obstinate Coughs in a few hours. To Singers, Professors, and Public Speakers it will be found invaluable.

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TURNER AND SPRATT,

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A most beautiful Christmas Present, New Year's Gift,
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Has the honor to announce that his

MUSICAL ANNUAL FOR 1847

Is now Published, and is by far the best work of the kind that has ever
appeared; contains no less than

THIRTY PIECES OF VOCAL AND FOURTEEN OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

The greater part of which have never before been published, the copyrights
having been purchased expressly for this work, at an immense cost, with the
view of rendering it immeasurably superior to any of its predecessors.

The portion which has already appeared comprise those pieces only whose
decided success has induced M. JULLIEN, at the request of numerous
influential patrons, to include them in this Selection.

The Illustrations, in addition to the elaborately executed Covers, Title, and
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TWO MAGNIFICENT VIEWS

OF THE

Interior of Covent-Garden Theatre,

The one taken during the brilliant scene exhibited in that splendid arena of
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VIEW OF THE THEATRE TAKEN DURING THE CONCERTS,
the grouping of the Figures in both Views exhibiting the audience in a
manner at once life-like and elegant. To those who have visited the
Theatre on either occasion, the ALBUM will form a delightful SOUVENIR, and
to those who have not had the opportunity, it will convey an accurate idea of
the gorgeous scene.

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Of the celebrated Danseuse,

MADLIE. FLORA FABRI,

In the admired Pas, LA CASTIGLIANA.

AN ORIGINAL SUBJECT,

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Illustrating BAKER's beautiful Ballad of that name.

The whole of this department of the ALBUM has been under the active
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employed in its production.

Nothing more need be said in favour of this ALBUM, and in proof of its
vast superiority over all others, than to call attention to the names of the
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ROSSINI,	VERDI,	DONIZETTI,	RUBINI,
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SCHULZ,	STOPEL,	DUPREZ,	JOSE DOMIS,
MASARNU,	MARATZEK,	BALFE,	JULLIEN,
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It will thus be perceived that in addition to the latest compositions of the
best English Composers the ALBUM will contain some of the newest and
most popular productions of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, &c., a careful
selection of which has been made from those works that are now attracting
the attention of the Continental dilettanti.

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THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

M. JULLIEN'S

GRAND BAL MASQUE.

M. JULLIEN

Has the honour to announce that his Concerts will terminate on SATURDAY,
November 28th, and that his

GRAND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE

will take place on the following

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.

The distinguished and increasing patronage which has been bestowed by
the Nobility and Gentry on M. JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUES, since their
first introduction in this country, may be accepted as a sure evidence of the
great popularity of such Entertainments when properly connected, and
produced on the scale of Grandeur and Magnificence which has, on each
occasion, characterised them.

In making the above announcement, M. JULLIEN begs to state that every
possible exertion shall be made to secure the approbation, and to ensure the
amusement of his Patrons, and feels the greatest confidence of being enabled
to present them with an Evening's Entertainment, which, as a scene of variety
and dazzling brilliancy, will be pronounced unrivalled.

THE ORCHESTRA

Will, as before, be complete, and consist of

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT MUSICIANS,

Being the present Concert Orchestra, with numerous additions.

PRINCIPAL CORNET-A-PISTON, HERR KENIG

CONDUCTOR, M. JULLIEN.

The New and Fashionable Music of the present Season will be played, and
include several New Polkas, Waltzes, and Quadrilles, composed expressly for
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DECORATIONS.

The Audience portion of the Theatre, as well as the Stage, will be hung
with Silk Draperies embroidered with Gold Lace, each compartment, from
the First Circle of Boxes to the Gallery being enriched with pendant Artificial
Flowers. Immediately over the Pitt Circle of Ormolu Chandeliers containing
One Hundred Burners, and underneath the Proscenium, a group of richly-
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Flowers. Over the Orchestra an entirely new Illuminated Tableau formed
of Imitation Diamonds, and Lighted by a series of Oxhydrogen Jets will be
displayed. A new Orchestra will be erected at the back of the Stage, which,
together with the Pit, will be floored and Carpetted, the whole Area forming
one vast Ball Room of surprising splendour.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d. The prices of admission for Spectators (for
whom the Audience portion of the Theatre will be set apart) will be as
on former occasions, viz.:-

Dress Circle	5s.	Lower Gallery	2s.
Boxes	3s.	Upper Gallery	1s.

Private Boxes, from £3 3s. upwards.

Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from
the Ball-room, without extra charge.

Sherbet, Carara Water, Coffee, Tea, and Ice Creams, will be supplied
during the evening, and at One o'clock the Supper will be served.

Mr. I. NATHAN, jun., of 18, Castle Street, Leicester Square, is
appointed Costumer to the Ball.

N.B.—Persons in the costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons, will
not be admitted.

Tickets for the Ball, Places, and Private Boxes may be secured on applica-
tion to Mr. REILLY, at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from
10 till 5; Private Boxes also at Mr. MITCHELL'S and Mr. SAM'S Libraries,
and at M. JULLIEN & Co.'s Musical Establishment, 214, Regent Street.

NEW VOCAL DUETS FOR THE SEASON

"The Bride of the Castle," by Mrs. Crawford, (Author of "Kathleen Mavour-
neen,") price 2s.; "Down in the Dell," (Songs of Fairy Land,) by John Barnett,
(Author of the celebrated singing lesson, "The Sol Fa Duet,") 2s. 6d.; "O'er
the Bonnie Clyde," 2s. (by the Author of "Come o'er the Moonlight Sea," 2s. 6d.)
"Hark the Sabbath Bells are Pealing," by Edwin Flood, (Author of "My
Bonnie Highland Mary,") 2s.

London—LEONT LEE, and COXHEAD, 48, Albemarle Street; where may be
had, just published, a new Comical, Tragical, Musical Christmas present, entitled
"Blue Beard," a domestic tragedy, explained in a note-able manner on the Piano-
forte, by Charles W. Glover, (Author of Cinderella, "a Fairy Legend," adapted to
the Piano-forte, without rhyme or (very little) reason, 4s.; "Venice," recollections
of the Carnival—a descriptive Musical Melange, 4s., illustrated with gorgeous
splendour in gold and colours by Brandard, 4s.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press,"
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Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications
for the Editor are to be addressed post paid. To be had of G. Purkess, Dean
Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Wiseheart, Dublin; and all Book-
sellers.—Saturday, November 21st, 1846.